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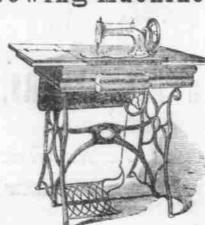
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# COLUMBIA HERALD

COLUMBIA, TENN., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1873.

WILLOW WHISTLES. ister a shower of well-laid-on blows BY OLIVE A. WADSWORTH. with my riding whip, when we heard The world is wide awake to-day,
The laxiest drones are bustling,
The brooks slips by, the wind is gay,
And every leaf is rustling;
The shady bank, 'neath Beech and Oak,
With lance-like grasses bristles,
And you and I, two idle folk,
Sit making willow whistles. another shot-Brutus and I-at which theless, really in danger; and, wherehe made one bound, and only one. All ever I met Madame de Noriolis, I almy endeavors to induce him to go on ways saw her encircled by my aunt's were fruitless. He planted his feet red line, like an aureola, and I couldn't

Oh, heavenly smishine of the May, Succeeding winter hoary, What shade can shut its light away, What gloom resist its glory! Down through our leafy canopy Dart myriad golden missiles, Such wealth of leaf! such worlds of green! Such balm, no words can utter!
And all the birds that e'er were seen.
Have gathered here to flutter: They pertly perch, with heads swty Upon the swaying thistles, And evidently wonder why We're making willow whistles,

BY HORSLEY BROS. & FIGUERS.

How dare you, comrade, trifle so, In these grand forest temples, And laugh, and best your sappy bough, And set me bad scramples! from me that I did not do. And how, think you, did this end? Such songs of praises here arise, As ne'er were found in Missals, And we should hearken, were we wise, Instead of making whistles. To my shame—my great shame. I was La Roche-Targe? What are you doing that nothing was to be affected by vio-They say the world's a vale of tears, lence, and that he must change his And man is born to trouble .-Beside the brooklet's bubble; tactics. After a moment's pause, which was certainly a moment of reflection, Friendly change, I hear, and hopes grow pals, The fairest project fizzles,— Fur glad there's no such word as fail he stood straight up in the air, not on it is not serious, I am sure. his hind, but on his fore-feet, and that, n making willow whistles. too, with as much calmness and address | not this one, certainly?" pointing to The brook shows back two heads of brown, course I slid down over his head into at hand.

Though one's a prettier color,
A Titian hue,—no need to frown,
I've said not which is duller;
They'll be the same, both yours and mine,
When time their brownness grizzles, the sand, which, fortunately, was tolerably deep. And then, we'll laugh at 'Auld Lang Syne,'
When we made willow whisties. I tried to rise, but one of my legs refused to do me service; I uttered a cry THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE. How I Came to Be Married.

rumpeter's horse.

price-about 3,000 francs, on the average.

had experienced losses at Baden-Baden,

and consequently I was in no humor to

spend seven or eight hundred louis-d'or

It was a Wednesday. Cheri, one o

of the season. Without any further

knowledge of the animals he offered

that what I derived from the catalogue

and from their appearance, I bought

eight for 5,000 francs. Among them I

oped to find four or five, at least, that

would do for relays, which would en-

Among my purchases there was one

thoroughly broken, age unknown." He

was a beautiful dapple-gray, large, and

day I went home; and the day follow-

ing, early in the forenoon, a servant

to see them, or, rather, to see Brutus;

for this handsome fellow had been in

my head ever since I bought him, and

was singularly impatient to find out

what kind of a comrade he was going to

make, and what he was capable of do-

I had brought him out of the stable

first. He certainly had all the signs of being of a respectable age; but he was

neck and head, a powerful shoulder, and

well-turned quarter. But it was not

is fine points that so much excited my

admiration as the intelligent manner

with which he observed all my move-

ments. He even seemed to be inter-

ested in what I said. He inclined his

head toward me, in order, apparently.

to hear better; and, when I had done

speaking, he uttered a low whinny,

seemingly in response. I looked at the

other horses hastily. They were or-

dinary animals, without anything to

distinguish them from thousands of

erd, and I was impatient to make a

ittle tour through my park in his com-

pany. He allowed himself to be sad-

lled, bridled, and mounted, like a horse

give me a slow trot or gallop at call,

with his fore-feet in a peculiar manner;

and, when I tried to make him raise his

head, which he carried very low, he

would nearly tear my arm off. Finally,

he took to prancing in grand style, like

"Humph!" said I to myself; "1

ave here—or I am greatly in error—an

old stager from the riding-school of

Saumur or St. Cyr. He will have to be

gotten out of some of his fancy paces

I was about to return home, having

ufficiently satisfied my curiosity with

regard to Brutus's accomplishments,

when I heard the report of a gun, dis-

ing a hare, and who subsequently re-

ceived a handsome present for the shot

heels, in order to urge him forward;

I was more puzzled than angered.

vours.

mch28-ly

charged apparently within twenty yards

before he will do for the chase.

a show-horse in an arena.

Not so with Brutus. He cer-

n-limbed, had a very handsome

ble me to get through the season.

without mature deliberation.

of pain, and fell forward flat into the sand. I had ruptured one of the smaller tendrons of my right leg, which, although not a very serious matter, caused me great pain whenever I attempted to risk of compromising you.' I was nearly 40, and felt myself so ecurely anchored in my old-bachelor stir. Nevertheless, I succeeded in turning over and sitting up, but at the mocrotchets, that on every occasion I swore, with all sincerity and by all the gods in ment when I begun to rub my eyes, ake a single risk in the matrimonial what had become of my dapple-gray, I and we were on the road to La Roche ottery; but-I counted without the saw a horse's foot descend on my head, then the foot was placed gently against It was toward the last of September, again on the sand; this time on my caught.

1864. I was on my way back from Baden-Baden, and intended to spend, back. at most, a day in Paris. I had invited think, exceedingly frightened, and more, said Madame de Noriolis. four or five of my friends, for the huuting season, to my estate in Pitou. They I felt that it would be useless to make drive you as gently as possible." any further effort. I therefore remainleast a week was necessary to make ed quietly on my back, asking myself, amiable, womanly things, that I found preparations, at La Roche-Targe, for once more, what manner of beast this it very pleasant to listen to. their reception. A letter from my stew- was that I had bought from Cheri; at when she saw me in a comfortable pe the same time I closed my eyes and sition, she asked me to tell her how ard, that awaited me in Paris, brought me unwelcome news. My hounds were awaited death, for I expected to be kill- came to be thrown, saying that aftered. But, instead of receiving my coup ward she would tell me how she chanced all in good condition, but five of my llysian Fields among the dealers, who endeavoring to cover me up in the sand. He was doing his best, the dear fellow, owed me any number of animalsand every now and then he would pause some better, some worse—that they reto see what progress he was making; commended as hunters, at a moderate continued four or five minutes, when, thinking me, doubtless, sufficiently covered, he approached respectfully and the principal dealers, had his first sale | knelt-got down on both knees, and

amazement. His prayer being finished, Brutus his head slightly, rose, walked bowed away a few steps, stopped, looked toward me, and then began to gallop round the open space in the centre of which I was lying. This he did some horse that I bought almost solely on twenty times round round round account of his color, which was truly until I began to be dizzy from watching beautiful. The catalogue attributed no him, when I cried out, "Halt! halt!" special qualifications to him for the He obeyed, but seemed embarassed to He was entered simply as know what he should do next. At this moment he noticed my hat, which had fallen off when I was dumped so unceremoniously into the sand, and lay a very handsomely formed. The next few feet from me. At the sight of it, day I went home; and the day followembarassment. He immediately went came and informed me that the horses toward it, picked it up with his teeth, had arrived. I immediately went out and started off at a brisk gallop down one of the six alleys that I have men-

-while I looked on in wonder and

Brutus disappeared, and I remain lone. Never was a man more puzzled -confounded. What the strange connet of the horse meant, was more than could dinine. I shook off the sand that partially covered me, and crawled on my hands to a little spot of grass at he corner of one of the alleys. Ar ived there, I made myself as comforable as possible, and then cried out at top of my voice, in the hope of making myself heard by some one; but got no response. The park, at least ne park where I was, seemed to be enirely deserted. There was only one ing to do-to wait until some one

came that way. I had been a full half-hour in this un viable position, when I espied Brutus long distance off, at the end of the lley by which he had disappeared, gal ping toward me in a big cloud of dust little by little, as he came nearer, iscovered a pony-chaise in the cloud nen, in the chaise, a woman, who was lriving herself, and behind the lady, a

A few minutes after making this wel come discovery, Brutus, covered with that knows his business; and we set out foam, stopped before me and let my hat in the best possible humor with each all at my feet, saluting me with s sympathetic whinny, which seemed to say Cheri's catalogue had only told the truth. Bratus was exceedingly well I went for help, sir; and here it is, But I had no eyes for Brutus, or ears broken for my purposes. He would for his explanations. My senses were occupied with the ministering fairy, but would continually strike the ground who sprang lightly from her little car riage and hastened me. She, toward too, on her part, looked at me very in quiringly, and suddenly we cried out n one breath, respectively:

"Madame de Noriolis Monsieur de La Roche-Targe! Now, I have an aunt, and for years, between her and me, there has been a 'Get married!" she insisted.

"I don't want to marry!" 'Do you want a young girl? I have Mademoiselle C-"I don't want to marry!" "Do you want a widow? I have Madame D-, Madame E-

of me. It was one of my keepers shoot- | Madame F----, and so on." "I don't want to marry! Madame de Noriolis always figured among the first of my aunt's widows, I was at the moment exactly in centre and I noticed that she never failed to of an open space formed by the junction | dwell at length on all the advantages I

husband to make himself adored. would say: "I the horse, but do my a red line around the two domains' - W. C. Bartlett. duty, and you, the cavalier, do not do would oblige me to look at it, saying : "Two thousand one hundred acres,

self. "And why does he look at me in to persuade my huntsman nephew?" I was on the point of having recourse | could only turn away and take refuge | sprouted soon, and might have been | in its power to stimulate Russian meto extreme measures—that is, to admin- in my usual refrain:

"I don't want to marry · But I felt that I was in danger, never-

anew in the sand, and more firmly, if possible, than at first. I began now to get out of patience, and, as a conseget out of patience, and, as a conseget out of patience, and as a conseget out of patience and sensible, and clever an quence, to ply my whip; but Brutus too—two thousand one hundred acres also lost patience, and, instead of sub-without a division-hedge—humph! Fly, mitting tamely the the punishment I Monsieur de La Roche-Targe—fly, since inflicted, he reared and pitched and you don't want to marry!" kicked in the most furious manner im- And fly I would, and always did; but aginable. But while the battle was at how could I fly this time? There I was,

ts height, and I was dealing him heavy stretched out on the grass, covered blows with the loaded handle of my with sand, my hair in disorder, my whip, he found time to give me a look, clothes torn, and one leg that refused now and then, full, not only of indig- to do me service; and now there stood nation, but of surprise. It was plain Madame de Noriolis before me, dashing that, while I demanded of the horse and fair, the red line wound all around what he refused, he expected something her as usual, and asking, in her most seductive tones:
"Mon Dieu! is it you, Monsieur de

ignominiously unhorsed—thrown! Bru-tus, it seemed, came to the conclusion I frankly confessed that I had been ignominiously thrown. "You are not hurt, I hope?" "No; not seriously, at all events, have strained my right leg a little; bu "And what horse acted so badly-

as a clown walks on his hands. Of Brutus, who was quietly browsing near "Yes, that one; he is the culprit."
"What! this noble fellow? Well, he has fully made amends, I assure you; but I will tell you all about that by and

We must first think about getting

"I cannot take a step. "Oh, I will drive you home, at the And she called Bob, the little groom, who took me by one arm, while she ook me by the other, and helped : the heathen calendar, I would never which were full of sand, and to wonder into her chaise. Two minutes more, Targe. We were alone in the chaise, Bob having taken charge of Brutu

my breast, and I was stretched out who had shown no unwillingness to "Make yourself comfortable, and I was now, and very naturally too, I keep your leg as straight as you can, In fact, she said a great many little

my eyes, and lo! there was Brutus, us- | me, after the two shots, when she cried, 'Oh, I see it all ! I see it all ! You

'The trumpeter's horse?" 'Why, yes; and that explains the whole mystery. Have you not seen, pression to his self-satisfaction in a low many a time, at the cirque de l'imperawhinny, and resume his work. This trice, the feats of the horse of the trumpeter? A chasseur d' Afrique enters the arena on a large gray horse the Arabs follow, and shoot at the hasseur, who is wounded and fallsseemed actually to be uttering a prayer and, as you did not fall, the horse, in dignant at this neglect of duty, threw

have bought the trumpeter's horse!"

ere on the ground? I told her the effort he made to give ne a decent burial "The trumpeter's horse!" she con tinued - "toujours the trumpeter's horse! He sees that his master is wounded; the Arabs may come and dispatch him. So, what does he do He buries him. And what did he do

then? Started off on a gallop, did he 'Yes, carrying my hat-Instead of the colors, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. There being no flag, he took what he could find. And where does

he go?

'To find the vivandiere. "Precisely. He goes to find the vi vandiere; and the vivandiere, to-day, you please, am I, the countess of Noriolis. He entered my vard on a gallop. I was on the steps putting on my gloves preparatory to driving out. The stable-boys, seeing a horse approach, saddled and bridled, a hat in his mouth, and without a rider, tried to catch him; but he avoids them, and, coming straight to the steps, he falls on his knees before me. The men try again to catch him, but he springs to his feet and starte off on a gallop. At the gate he stops, looks back and calls

"Yes, I assure you, calls me. I cry my chaise and follow him over roads halting, if the drivers continue to urge not originally intended for carriages; but no matter-I arrive, and find you. Just as Madame had finished he narrative, the chaise received a fearful shock from the rear, and the next moment we saw Brutus's head towering proudly above and behind us. He and Bob had been following close behind, when, seeing the groom's seat vacant, he had availed himself of the opportunity thus offered to make a further exhibition to his new master of his ac-

complishments. He had reared up, and ornaments, weapons, coins and statues placed his fore-feet on the vacant seat; of the ancient Roman gods. So the and now, with Bob elinging, for dear life, to his mane and the pommel of the saddle, he was trotting along on his grow slowly. Slow and stately as an hind-feet only, with-all the nonchalance in the world. As for Madame de Noriolis, she was so terrified that she dropped the reins turies before Christ there probably and threw herself into my arms-dear, came the first few half-naked fishermen adorable Madame de Noriolis !-- and and hunters, who reared, with flint rested her little head against my axes and such rude tools, some miser shoulder. With the left hand I caught

up the reins, and with the right I supported Madame de Noriolis. hurt me most fearfully; still I bore if without a murmur, and continued support my levely burden. It was thus that Madame de Noriolis

made her first visit to La Roche-Targe. When she returned about midnight some six weeks afterward, having during the day become Madame de Roche-Targe, she said to me: "What a strange thing life is, my

dear! Nothing of all this would have been but for-the trumpeter's horse.'

#### How to Make Friends with the Children.

You can get more songs from the of six long, shaded alleys. When Brutus heard the report of the gun, he stopped short, planted his feet firmly riolis was pretty—any one could see the stopped short, planted his feet firmly riolis was pretty—any one could see the stopped short, planted his feet firmly riolis was pretty—any one could see the stopped short, planted his feet firmly riolis was pretty—any one could see the stopped short and the savantages in the stopped short and the savantages in the stopped short and the savantages in the savantag in the sand, pricked up his ears, and that without prompting or that she Those last-year's birds'-nests tell the raised his head high in the air. I was was rich. She chose, rather, to remind story. The robin, thrush, oriole, and surprised to see him so disturbed by me ever and again that the late Mon- linnet, will come early and stay late. the report of fire-arms. I would have sieur de Noriolis was a fool, who was Groups of children will come in the supposed that, after the liberal educa- never so happy as when he had succeed- front way, and will never be so happy tion he had received in his youth, no ed in making his wife exceptionably as when invited to go down the rear amount of firing would have excited his miserable, and that consequently nothcuriosity. I touched his flanks with my ing would be easier than for her second moments when they step from your shoulders into the trees, and never but Brutus refused to budge. I tried Then, after a lengthy eulogy of Mad- come back until they have closed their to turn him to the right, to the left; ame de Noriolis's virtues, graces and fingers on the last cherry. The man not a foot would be move. He stood merits, my aunt, who was very adroit, who is not satisfied to divide all his like a statue; and, nevertheless—you and knew my vulnerable points, would cherries with the bird and children, is a need not laugh, for, be assured, what I | take from her secretary a map of the | curmudgeon; notably so is he who am telling you is strictly true-and, neighborhood and spread it out on the plants cherry-trees in front of his lot, nevertheless, at every effort I made to table. The map was very exact and and gets into a white-heat of rage beinduce him to go on, he would turn his complete, and had been bought for the cause boys of average Sunday-school head and glance at me with an impres- sole purpose of convincing me that, if I antecedents could not resist the temptasion of impatience and surprise; then had any sense at all, I would marry tion to borrow the fruit. Besides, the he would relapse into his statue-like Madame de Noriolis. The chateaux of eclectic judgment of children, the immobility. There was clearly some Noriolis and of La Roche-Targe figured sparrow, the yellow-jacket, and the honmisunderstanding between us, for I read on the map, and were hardly five leagues ey-bee, will always tell you where the very distinctly in his glances that he apart. My aunt, having artfully drawn best nectarines and plums may be found.

-A fond father in Burlington growlgood measure, and not a single division- ed like a dog with a sore head because "What manner of beast is this that I hedge, if Noriolis were united to La a physician charged him \$10 for removhave bought of Cheri?" said I to my- Roche-Targe! Eh, isn't that sufficient ing a kernel of corn from his son's ear,

Character of Spanish Scenery. A RED RIGOLETTE. Spain is not a beautiful country. If ABOUT SOMEBODY, a traveler expects to find the soft charm Like fire-flies caught in a glittering braid, and luxuriant loveliness of Italy, life in Of clouds with a sun-lit and silvery lining Spain will be a constant disappoint-Or Morn in her beauty and freshness array'd I know of a beauty more lambent and tender, I wish that its sheen is more luminous yet; And that is the glow of her sunny hair's spir As seen through the braids of her Red Rigol ment; no hope can possibly be more misplaced. Spain is not the least like Italy; it has not even the beauty of the greater part of France. Beyond the Asturius and the valleys near the Pyrenees, there is not a tree worth speaking of in the Peninsula. There is what hery trail of the meteor's digression what hery trail of the meteor's digression. Can vie with the tracery bright of her net? What planet, though splendid beyond all exp scarcely any grass; the shrubs may even be counted; except when the corn is out. Eclipses the gleam of her Red Rigolette? which here lasts such a short time, there is hardly any vegetation at all. Those The death of the day is with beauty attended, The clouds with rich crimson are times who wish to find beauty must only look stain'd;
High hear'd are the drifts, and the balo is sple for beauty of an especial kind-without verdure, or refinement, or color. But did That o'er the lit wave is effolgently rain'd, the artist will be satisfied without these, and will exult in the long lines, in the unbroken expanses of the stony, treeless, desolate sierras, while every crevice of the distant hills is distinctly visible in the transparent atmosphere, and the shadows of the clouds fall blue upon the pale yellow of the tawny desert. In the central provinces, hundreds and hundreds of miles may be traversed, and

no single feature of striking natural beauty be met with; nothing more than the picturesque effects which may always be obtained by the groups of cattle, gathered around the fountains by the dusty wayside, or standing out as if empossed against the pale distance, or by the long trains of mules with their drivers in brigand-like costume and flowing mantas bearing merchandise from one town to another. On these plains, too, there is a silence which is lmost ghastly, for there are no singingbirds, scarcely even any insects. Such Where are we? The portals which is the character of almost all the country have just given us admission to a scene

now traversed by the principal railways, which was formerly toiled through in iligence or on mule-back. But even here, just when the spirits begin to flag, and the wearied eye longs to refresh itself, the travler reaches one of the grand old cities which seem to have gone to sleep for 500 years, and to have Isabella II. into that of Philip II., and find the buildings, the costumes, the proverbs, the habits, the daily life, those of his time. You wonder what Spain some separate artistic peculiarity. But as been doing since, and the answer is | you have not the wide staircase to yourquite plain-nothing. It has not the self, You hear a slight rustle, and ightest wish to do any thing more; it turning back, you see, to your amazequite satisfied. The Catholic sove. ment, not unmingled with horror, a

bella, "Oh, but she was so dreadfully wicked." "Ah, yes." was the answer, with a look of much sympathy for the wicked."

exile, "she had, indeed, all the dear old Spanish vices.' Catching Reindeer. In many bleak, northern regions these animals are the sole support of broidered cap on her head, and covered as if for the extraction of marrow. This the people. When liberated from the noss, which their instinct enables them and discloses the fact that her remarkfind deeply covered with snow. Some- ably well-shaped figure is unconcealed you off. And what did he do when you times as many as one hundred go out by full diaphanous trousers. Are we

foraging, there being nothing provided in modern Greece, then? But this supor them by their exacting masters. Like camels under similar circumstanwhen unladen, they stroll off miles different directions. When they are wanted again, their sealskin-clad dri- all of the same delicate hue, and a soft, vers get behind them in several direcns, and by hallooing, throwing snowballs, and making considerable uproar, en plein carnival. Yet how can this be, the deer are gradually driven into a maller circle. The herd is then encircled by a slender cord, the men drawng in nearer, till it strikes their long They neither try to leap over nor

break it, but huddle up as close as pos-Finally the two ends meet, held by ne person, while the others enter under line and select the animals they vant, seizing them by their horns bringing them outside, and tying them semething strong enough to hold them till harnessed to the sledge. The

leer are, able, with a sweep of their antlers, to mow down a score of sturdy Northmen, they cower at the voice of man. Their masters are rude, harsh and unkind toward them. Under no circumstance of oppression or hardship do they evince the slightest resentment They are so timid that the sound of their driver's voice sets them to running out to the men to let him go, jump into at such speed that they will die before

> Roman London. Eighteen feet below the level heapside lies hidden Roman London, and deeper even than that is burried th earlier London of those savage charioteers, who, long ages ago, bravely confronted the legions of Rome. In near y all parts of the city there have been iscovered tesselated pavements, Roman tombs, lamps, vases, sandals, keys, present has grown up upon the ashes of the past. Trees that are to live long oak London grew and grew, till now nearly 4,000,000 souls represent its leaves. Our London is very old. Cenable huts on the rising ground that, forming the north bank of the Thames slopes to the river some sixty mile from where it joins the sea. According to some, the river spread out like a vast lake between the Surrey and the Essex hills in those times when the half-savage first settlers found the low slopes of he future London places of health and defense, amid a vast and dismal region of fen, swamp and forest. The heroism and the cruelties, the hopes and fears of those poor barbarians, darkness never to be removed has hidden from us forever. In later days, monkish historians, whom Milton afterward followed, gnored these poor early relations of on where we will, the pertinacious sav-

have drank so much water to get so

ittle."

chanical industry.

be very fond of coffee." "Yes, madam, I am," he replied, "or I should never

materially the beauty or the wit of the spose you remember the old saying, 'A meeting; and if I do not note their fool for luck, a poor man for children, names it is because I should have to a Frenchman for dogs, and a nigger for give a list of all the celebrities of the gourds.' Well, judge, the seeds they Parisian world. Moreover, it is not al- gathered from that ere truck patch of lowable to mention any of the ladies mine, that fall, was scattered all over we find explained by the fact that it was present; for the masks which they all Northern Alabama, and although my retained until supper were supposed to mode of distributin' them thar Concover all with an equal veil. As a mat- gressional documents may not have been

semblage. I felt quite sure, from the voice, that I detected a tall heroine in a

recent war; but her hair was jet black,

whereas it should have been blonde,

and she defied all my attempts to make

her discover her identity. Then there

was a little lady in white, who spoke to

every man in the rooms in his own

tongue, and to every Italian in his own

dialect. Side by side with all these

grandes dames, who kept their incog-

nito unimpeached, were scores of others

ing of their features by the brilliancy

their attire. As I drove home

who made up for the compulsory veil-

for a Russian princess; but I refrain r, ocean, and earth with the light are resplefrom mentioning her name, because the only facts patent to, all were, that she spoke several languages with equal fa-I know of a beauty more radiant yet: he hair on her snowy neck carelessly pendent Or bound in the threads of her Red Rigolette lity, and that her form was beautiful. h, dainty nead set on the dainty white should Then a famous poetess, wife of a celebrated statesman, was certainly there: but as she appeared in two complete costumes of different colors, and often A curve of more exquisite charm is the golden And weven hair bound in the braids of her net, Adorning, like flags upon battlements olden, Her temple's high crown, through its Red Rigo lette! walked about with another lady similarly habited, she puzzled the whole as-

picture is painted of maidens essaying To lure us with hooks that are fair to behold; he balts are assorted and temptingly playing With beauty or virtue or talent or gold hat need that My Lady her hooks should be dan All hearts are decoy'd by the flash of her not ne others may vaunt an occasional angling: She sweeps the wide stream with her Red Rigo lette!

MASKS AND FACES. Venetian Fete in the French Capital.

[From the London Telegraph.]

of fairy-like beauty, are Moorish in through the early dawn the fresh mornform and in ornamentation, but the ng air acted like a shower-bath on ofty entrance-hall is worthy of an Italdeas relaxed by hours spent in an atian palazzo for splendor, and of an En-glish country house for comfort. But there are many more pictures and wondered if in the palmiest days of the works of art scattered about than an empire, any of M. Brsene Houssaye's English home can generally boast. You famous Venetian masquerades could scarcely waked up again, when you step at once out of the reign of Amadeo or mention your name to a cervant, and have been more brilliant as a spectacle walk up a spiral staircase, which faces than that of 1873-the first that has the entrance-door, and lands you on been given by the versatile author of four different floors, each marked by "Les Grandes Dames" since the annee terrible of the German war. An Ancestor Sir John Lubbock writes to a recent number of Nature that Mr. Frank Calreigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, made a mummy walking upstairs, close upon vert has recently discovered near the great nation of it, and filled it with your heels. A veritable mummy is Dardenelles indisputable traces of the glorious works. Since then it has had, gliding upward in its case. The coffin existence of man during the Miocene twelve hunters had either fallen sick of some horse disorder, or had become lame during my absence. I was therefore, compelled to supply their places with others.

I began my narrative, to which she supply their places with others.

I began my narrative, to which she stratum (which is unquestionably of the Miocene period) was a fragment of a bone, probably belonging either to well—reverses, but it has changed as it of the death of Charles X.

I began my narrative, to which she are hieroglyphics in characters of dull is the stratum (which is unquestionably of the Miocene period) was a fragment of the Miocene period) was a fragment of the Miocene period) was a fragment of a bone, probably belonging either to well—reverses, but it has changed as it of the death of Charles X.

I began my narrative, to which she are hieroglyphics in characters of dull is the stratum (which is unquestionably of the Miocene period) was a fragment of a bone, probably belonging either to well—reverses, but it has classe. The count age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is unquestionably of the Miocene period) was a fragment of the death of Charles X.

I began my narrative, to which she are hieroglyphics in characters of dull is the stratum (which is unquestionably of the Miocene period) was a fragment of a bone, probably belonging either to well—reverses, but it has classe. The count age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is unquestionably of the described age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is unquestionably of the described age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is unquestionably of the described age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is unquestionably of the described age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is of period age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is of period age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is of period age. Among the other relics found in the stratum (which is of period age. Amo We said to many a Spaniard parency about it, and you can feel the Dinotherium or a Mastodon, on the full effect of two great justious eyes. Il effect of two great lustrous eyes. which, in most unmummified fashion, presentation of a horned quadruped, blaze through the black veil. You fall "with arched neck, lozenge-shaped back instinctively against the wall, and a decidedly agreeable odor, reminiscent broad feet." There are also, he says, of Parisian cosmetics, greets you as the traces of seven or eight other figures, strange ghostly figure glides past. Can which, however, are nearly obliterated. this be a dream of ancient Egypt? But In the same stratum he has also found no; for here comes a lady with an em-

> from throat to feet with a mass of white | discovery would not only prove the exarness they go directly in pursuit of silk shawling. As she comes down istence of man in Miocene times, but ood—a peculiar species of nutritious stairs, however, the shawl is taken up, of man who had already made some progress, at least, in art. position is no more tenable than th peen recently made at Pompeii. other, for as you wonder you are ap-

proached by a mass of rose-colored silk domino-mantle, hood, mask, and veil, rich voice whispers, "E non mi riconosci ingrato?" Then we are in Rome eing that the fair masquer-she must be fair, you are convinced by the voice, although you cannot see the smallest The little figure is also tinted, white in particle of the speaker's person-is followed by a lady in a vaporous ball dress of white lace, her features being luckibut very imperfectly concealed by a slip of black satin across her eyes. An other wears a yashmack of lace. Not a have also brought to light several skele

eature is to be discerned, except the yes, which, quite unveiled, shine out with luster redoubled by the fleecy clouds that encompass them. You pass through a set of rooms on one floor. some seven or eight in all, which probably have not their match in London for the wealth of art that hangs on the walls. There is scarcely a square inch that is not covered by canvas, over which the first artists of the day have labore with loving zeal. But the artistic treasures are dulled to-night by the sumptuous toilets that rustle in erpetual turmoil to and fro. There is

asquers yet attempt to dance, so much ore interested are they in each other's dentity. The breathing becomes difficult hese lofty rooms, heavy with perfume, and you remount the spiral staircase On the landing of the next floor you find a large picture displayed which furnishes you with the most de l'enigme The painting, well executed du reste represents a beautiful woman reclining at full length upon a sofa, and the fig ire has no veil save a black mask which she holds across the face. the room to which this masked beauty guards the entrance we find a number uncultivated Goths, who prefer the selfish pleasure of a cigar harms of female society, and through the smoky atmosphere can dimly discern the lineaments of many who direct the dramatic tastes of the world. A floor nigher brings us to yet another set of ooms, where cards are vainly spread -night, at least, the tapis vert has no attractions to avail against the charms of unrecognized greetings. Yet another light of stairs, past windows of stained class, brings us to a long studio hung round with paintings and ornamented Andrew Jackson Gambill, familiarly called, by his numerous friends, "Jack say that the butt for his jokes will no with a table that groans under the weight of champagne. Here tongues Gambill's for short, in early times a be the exceptionally intoxicated man, are loosened by the flowing bowl, and we learn that the fairy palace, in which in which Puck is playing so many tricks

sic being played somewhere, but you

do not care to inquire where, nor do the

and where dainty sprites unnumbered Alabama, the writer once asked him if of opinion that the teetotallers had bet are reveling with mortal men, is no he had ever known Land Admiral ter reserve whatever fun is in them for other than the hotel of M. Arsene Hous- Reeside. "Know old Reeside, judge? other subjects than drunkenness. saye, the famous author of Les Grandes
Dames

Can this be Paris, then, and are these
the men who suffered so bitterly and
the men who suffered so bitterly and the men who suffered so better the men who suffe cestor of Englishmen, Brute, a fugitive who fought so hardly, less than two gomery the whole of one winter, and it amusing—which, properly considered nephew of Eneas of Troy. But, stroll years ago? Tiens, your voils chez nous was mighty rough, I tell you. That it is not.—Pall Mall Gazette. comment ca va? The speaker behaved | had been a power of rain, equal to Caliage, with his limbs stained blue and like a hero at the beginning of the war, fornia, and the roads were awful heavy; his flint ax red with blood, is a ghost and he expiated his heroism by an im- in fact, in some places it was as much be exorcised from the prisonment of seven bitter months on as a four-hoss team could do to pull an none yields more feed than these. They banks of the Thames, and in some the outer frontier of Silesia. But he is empty stage. Well, in addition to the are excellent keepers, nutricious, and Welsh veins his blood no doubt flows at bright and cherry as when I last saw regular mail under lock and key in the great promoters of the flow of milk in this very day. The founder of London him at a similar scene, just three years leather bags there was always a lot of cows and ewes. The seed should be had no historian to record his hopes—a aho. Ex uno disce omnes; the men are canvas sacks filled with about a ton of sown as early as practicable, two and place where big salmon were to be all laughing and joking as though war documents and seeds, mostly the latter, a half feet apart. About four pounds ound, and plenty of wild boars were to had never carried off two provinces and franked by members of Congress. I'd of seed will be sufficient for an acre, be met with, was probably his highest many of their dearest relatives. As to start out about two o'clock in the morn- and it will germinate quicker if put in ambition. How he bartered with Phoe- the women assembled here, what have ing with all this deck load, making water before sowing, and afterward put nicians or Gauls for amber or iron no they to do with anything less frothy things awful heavy. As Is would be in plaster to dry. They are best sown Druid has recorded. How he slew the than a tumbler of champagne? And in about startin', the admiral would take by means of one of the numerous seed foraging Belgæ, or was slain by them sooth one cannot blame them for mak- me one side and confidentially remark, drills now to be found at every impleand dispossessed, no bard has sung. ing light of miseries which would crush 'Jack, you've got a big load of passen- ment store. The seed should be sown Whether he was generous and heroic as them into helplessness could they be gers, and a tremendous large mail; you'd thick, to save the necessity and trouble the New Zealander, or ape-like and felt. At all events, let me not attempt better distribute the Congressional of transplanting to fill any vacancies, thievish as the Bushman, no ethnolo- to be the memento mori at a fete when matter as soon as you can.' 'All right, and afterward thinned, so that the gist has yet proved. The very ashes of the fullness of life beats through every says I; and, sho's you're born, about a beets may stand about eight to ten inches the founder of London have long since heart; let me rather try to enter into mile out of town, in crossing over a apart. To grow the crop the land must the spirt of a scene to which, as a creek swelled by the late rain, overboard | be deep, rich and well cultivated. The -"Sir," said an astonished lady to a traveler who had just sent his cup forward for the seventh time, "you must ness; but, unwilling to postpone a mer- wood on a sand-bar about three quarters drained. The manure best suited to ry-making on which all Paris has been of a mile below. The water in the this crop is well rotted stable manure reckoning for weeks, he has deputed branch fell early in the spring, leaving or compost, and there is no danger of his son, a famons Hellenist, to do the a large pile of loam about the drift-pile, putting too much on the land. The honors of a festa which has much that and as the warm weather cum on them ground must be kept light and well and is clasic and more that is essentially Congressmen's seeds began to sprout, deeply stirred. It is said that whatev--The statutes have been approved southern in its outer characteristics, and by the middle of summer you ought er the amount of the crop on the 1st of The temptation was so great that I could only turn away and take refuge a my usual refrain:

Such a mixture of classes could not be just double that amount, and this belong to me a sprouted soon, and might have been pulled up by the rects.

Such a mixture of classes could not be just double that amount, and this belong in its power to stimulate Russian me-justable walls comprised all the notability to have seen my truck patch. Thar was just double that amount, and this belong tion of a railway plant at Tagauro just double that amount, and this belong the case, it is of importance to push in its power to stimulate Russian me-justable walls comprised all the notability to have seen my truck patch. There was sufficiently a company formed for the construction of a railway plant at Tagauro just double that amount, and this belong to have seen my truck patch. There was sufficiently a company formed for the construction of a railway plant at Tagauro just double that amount, and this belong the case, it is of importance to push in its power to stimulate Russian me-justable walls comprised all the notability of the million: paramined to the construction of a railway plant at Tagauro just double that amount, and this belong the case, it is of importance to push in its power to stimulate Russian me-just double that amount, and this belong the case, it is of importance to push in the construction of a railway plant at Tagauro just double that amount, and this belong the case, it is of importance to push in its power to stimulate Russian me-just double that amount, and this belong the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in the case, it is of importance to push in pitable walls comprised all the notabili-ties of Pais. They were no masks; by the million; parsnips, carrots, and all the crop forward, that at the date nam-kinds of beets; rutybeggars and other ed it may be as promising as possible.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 43. and he who ran through the rooms sorts of turnips. And gourds runnin' might read on the bright faces of those all over the driftwood and up into the present the names of all that are most | trees; you'd ought to have seen them distinguished in every walk of life. gourds! The niggers from all the plan-Authors, journalists, artists, ambassa- tations tharabouts was in clover. They dors, ministers, even financiers, were cum from all quarters and gathered there—the last named not enhancing gourds until they couldn't rest.

> It seems curious for a Frenchman to propose the abolition of gloves. And presented in 1810 by Sir Joseph Banks to the antiquarian society, which also vet Le Sport, which is supposed to be states that means were taken to prevent the barometer of the ever-varying any two persons from adopting the same figures and marks on the bills of their prices of fashion in France, gravely de clares that kids must be done away with swans. The sign of the Goat and Comeven on state occasions. The eighteenth century despised them, therefore there passes has been supposed to have arisen is a precedent for the present. Since 1789 gloves became more and more the fashion, and the reason is sufficiently obvious. But the greater their con venience in a mixed society, such as that of France at the present day the more superfluous they are where there is little lisparity of rank. When you know your man there is no objection to shake stead. ands with him, even without a glove on, but it would be the hight of inconvenience to have to wash your hands after every shake from a person with whom you were not on intimate terms, as was the habit of Nestor Roqueplan. Besides, as a small hand, like a small foot, is generally the sign of aristocratic descent, why should it be concealed within a vulgar integument, where the fingers of the Faubourg are on equal terms with the horny ones of Belleville and Montmartre. If the absence of gloves was to be the sign of high breeding, surely some unpleasant mistakes would be likely to occur, for it is much easier to dispense with than to buy them. Gloves have always played an mportant part in human affairs. They, and stockings, were the favorite mediums by which poison was conveyed by the Borgias, the Medicis, and the Brinvilliers. It was said (with what truth we do not pretend to know) that it was only through the hands and feet that poison could be instilled. They have also played their part in politics. At the legitimate party, the yellow that of Louis Philippe. And from the days of Romeo to the last ball that took place in Belgravia, the glove has been a favorite token with lovers. Many an aspirant has rushed happy out of the cloak room, where he has been pitilessly snubbed by an awful downger, because he has secured one of those gloves which he has been someozing all the

till the unmendable rent has borne tes

The Drollery of Drunkenness.

for having given him an occasion for

laughter. The teetotal humorist may

start a comic paper, in which the

short, putting scutimentalism aside, would be difficult to do without gloves even on the score of cleanliness, but perish all the gloves in the world rather

timony to the vigor of his affection. Recent Discoveries at Pompeii than the mittens of our grandmothers One of them, indeed, is of the highest imshould again come into vogue portance, as it shows the exact manner which classical statues were tinted. The teetotallers are, it is said, about t is a statue of Venus about three feet igh, holding a smaller figure in the chief subject of ridicule will be drank right hand. The face is slightly colorenness. Apart from all moral consider d like ivory, the eyes are black and the ations, it will be interesting, as a ques air painted yellow. The drapery is tion of art, to see how the writers and ale red edged with a fancy border, artists will set about their task. There is a stage of drunkenness which is un fleshy parts and yellow, green and black doubtedly comic; and all sorts of droll the drapery. Perhaps Gibson was stories are told about drunken or semi ight in surmising that almost all the drunken men. The French-who, ncient statues were painted in mezzowhen they are not being besieged, bominto. The late discoveries a (Pompeii barded, or otherwise maltreated by victorious enemies, are a sober peopl tons, one of a woman holding a golden enough-allow that it is excusable for a box in her hand and having rich bracelets on her arms; the bracelets are of young man to get drunk once in his life on drinking champagne for the first mique design representing golden balls linked together with beautifully worked time. Afterward the act (if act it be of getting intoxicated is looked upon as

The Calcutta Crane.

an offence against society; and, though such offences are, no doubt, committed they are not considered laughable, bu One distinguished visitor which hon blamable, or at best pitiable. Accord ors Calcutta with its presence only duringly, the French comic papers dea ng the rains is far too remarkable to be very rarely with drunkenness as a sub rgotten. This is the adjutant, a gi ject of mirth; and there are plenty o antic crane, standing about four feet French farces in which not one of the igh, with a large, heavy body, a small characters is seen in a tipsy condition ead, a huge bill, and wings which are from beginning to end. Perhaps cross aid sometimes to measure 12 feet from ing the Channel upsets them; for it tip to tip. A more ungainly and cari-English farces, which are known to be ature-like bird probably does not exist, for the most part taken from the but it is useful, like the jackal and the French, a certain number of the chargrow, as a great devourer of refuse, and acters are tolerably sure to get drunk said also to destroy rats and snakes while in our numerous comic and wo certainly swallows lumps of bone disant comic papers the gentleman re arger than a man's fist, and comes free turning from a dinner-party is a figure about the house and compounds, and constantly turning up. If the preced perfectly quiet and harmless, but the ing observations be accepted as true, most quaintly ugly creature living. Its body is gray and black, its neck red and follows, we think, that the most sobe countries are not those in which drunk bare, with a curious fleshy pouch dang enness is most frequently viewed in its ling in front, and its huge beak the grotesque aspect. But it must be re same color, while its long legs have exmembered that in the farces and the actly the appearance of being covered 'capital stories" in which drunkards with white stockings. Whether stand (or rather, let us say, persons temporing with its head buried between its arily and accidentally drunk) are the oulders, sitting on the ground with prominent personages, the its long white legs stretched forward in evoked is not entirely that of derision the most awkward and unbirdlike atti but is, to some extent, of a sympathetic tude, flying, perching, or hanging itself character. Take, for instance, the cele out to dry when its great black wings brated and familiar case of Mr. Pick are saturated with rain, no words can wick in the pound, declaring his name, render justice to its extravagant unhis "cold punch," and so on. The reader laughs, but not with a bitter laugh; and if he will analyze his feel ings, he will possibly find that he is no altogether ungrateful to Mr. Pickwich

A Stage Driver's Reminiscence. Everybody in California knows, or

night to know, or at least knows of Col.

pioneer packer in Trinity and Siskiyou. but the habitual drunkard. He, how-Aware of the fact that the colonel had ever, is not a comic, but a tragic charac the Titanias below are holding court, in early life filled the responsible posi- ter, causing "pity" to men and "tertion of stage-driver in Tennessee and ror" to women. On the whole, we are Noroot is more certain of a crop, and

ter of fact, many of the disguises were quite impenetrable. The mummy to sider it did the country at large a to them for keeping swans in these wawhich I have alluded is supposed to be powerful sight more good."

The Abolition of Gloves.

from the resemblance between the bounding of a goat and the expansion of a pair of compasses; but this is more fanciful than appropriate. This sign is of the days of the commonwealth, when t was the fashion of the enthusiasts of that period to append scriptural quota tions to the names given them by their parents, or to adopt them entirely in-This rage for sacred titles inluced them to com new names also for places and things. The corruption from 'God Encompasseth Us," to Gost and Compasses, is obvious, and seems quite natural; and it is not unlikely that ' Praise God Barebones," the canting eather-seller, preferred drinking his tankard of ale at the "God Encompasseth Us," rather than frequent a house retaining its old and heathenish title. The Bag of Nails, at Pimlico, was orignally the Bacchanals, where, in the time of "Rare Ben Jonson," people were accustomed to make a holiday exarsion. The sign of the Bull and Mouth exhibits another instance of the corruption and perversion of language Everybody knows that a bull has a mouth, but it was not so evident that Boulogne harbor must have an entrance, ommonly called a mouth. HUMOROUS. conscience

-"I don't remember ever having seen con before," as the lawyer said to his

Tavern Signs. The absurdities which tavern signs

present are often curious enough, but may in general be traced to that inveterste propensity which the vulgar of all

countries have to make havor with evrything in the shape of a proper name. What a magpie could have to do with a

razor, is as difficult to conjecture as to

trace the corruption of language, in which the connection more probably

originated. The sign of Leg and Seven Stars was merely an orthgraphical deviation from the League and Seven Stars,

or seven united privinces; and the Ax and Bottle was, doubtless, a transposi-

tion of the Battle-ax, a very appropriate and significant sign in war-like times.

The Tun and Lute seem quite emblem-

atical of the pleasures arising from the association of wine and music. The Eagle and Child had some meaning, but

no appplication; but when we arrive at

the Shovel and Boot we labor in vain to

come to any rational definition of the

affinity. The Swan with Two Nicks

was long a subject of mystery to the

curious; but it has been explained by

the alteration of a single letter. The

sign was originally written The Swan

with Two Nicks, the meaning of which

customary to make marks or nicks on

the beaks of the swans and cygnets in

ters. This information has been col-

lected from a curious roll of parchment,

the rivers and lakes of Lincolnshire

-The manufacture of Portland ceaent is about to be commenced, on an extensive scale, in Baltimore. -Fame is like a shaved pig with a greased tail, and it is only after it has

lipped through the hands of some mands that some fellows, by good luck, hold on to it. -A clairvoyant trio, two women and man, have been traveling in the South.

pretending to cure epizootic by the laying on of hands." They practiced on a mule in Kentucky, the other day, and the firm has since dissolved. -A Michigan elergyman wrote to a ottery agent : "I do not approve of otteries. I regard them as no better can gambling schemes, My son

evening on the fair hand of his beloved. ought ticket No. 5 in your drawing, but if it draws any thing don't send the noney to him-send it to me." lergyman will probably feel relieved learn that the ticket didn't draw any -A Gallowstown lady recently reuested her husband to go to the dress caker and tell her that she (his wife) ad changed her mind, and would have

he watered silk made up instead of the oplin, and that "if she thinks it would ok better with bias flounces, without ouffing, and box-plaited below the equator, which should be gathered in hem stitched gudgeons up and down the seams, with a gusset-stitch between, she can make it up that way, instead of fluting the bobinet insertion and pieceing out with point applique, as I sug gested yesterday." The man is now raving maniac.

-Thirty years ago a man entered the ity of New York in an almost penniless ondition, and without a single acmaintance in the great wilderness of ouses. To-day his name is known wherever humanity breathes. It is ooken in every city, and is as familiar the worker in the mine as to his prother in the mills, and wherever language is known and ideas are exressed the name of this penniless, un-

nown and uncouth lad of thirty years ago is uttered. It was John Smith. -There is one thing that no family pretends to do without. That is a hammer. And yet there is nothing that goes to make up the equipment of a do-mestic establishment that causes onealf as much agony and profanity as a ammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to sliver, nd always bound to slip. The face is as round as the full moon and as smooth s glass. When it strikes a nail full ed square, which it has been known to o, the act will be found to result from combination of pure accidents. The mily hammer is one of those rare aricles we never profit by. When it glides off a nail-head, and mashes down a couple of fingers, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the yard, and observe hat we will never use it again. But he blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are out-doors in search of hat hammer and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful wespon goes on knocking off our nails, and shing whole joints, and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantle ornaments, and cutting up an assortment of astounding and unfortunate antics without let or hinderance. vet we put up with it, and put the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our mutilated and smarting fingers, and yet if the outrageous thing should happen to get lost we kick up a regular hullabaloo until it is found again. Talk about the vranizing influence of a bad habit! It s not to be compared to the family

The Genius of Goodness. Every man feels instinctively that all

be beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action; and that, while tenderness of feeling and susceptibility to generous emotions are accidents of temperament, goodness is an achievement of the will and a quality of the life. Fine words, says our homely old proverb, butter no pars nips; and if the question be how to render these vegetables palatable, ar only conclusive evidence of a man's sinciple. Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when a man makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has taken possession of him. From that sincerity his words gain the force and pertinency of deeds, and his money is no longer the pale drudge twixt man and man, but by a beautiful magic, what erewhile bore the image and superscription of Casar seems now to bear the image and superscription of God. It is thus that there is a genius for goodness, for magnanimity, for self-sacrifice, as well as for creative art; and it is thus that, by a more refined sort of Platonism, the Infinite Beauty dwells in and shapes to its own likeness the soul that gives it body and individuality .- James Russel